A Late Night Out

She was uneasy walking home. She hated this part of town and knew that walking home wasn't the smartest idea, but her friends had called it an early night (*way* too early. What were they thinking?) and trying to get a cab was a joke.

So...here she was, five in the morning and she was on her own. Shadows loomed up at her from every corner, cats squalled and beer bottles clanked from dark alleys.

Having the terrible gut feeling that she was being followed, she quickened her pace. *I swear if I make it home before sunrise I'll never be this stupid again*, she angrily spat in her mind.

Suddenly, a man jumped out in front of her.

"Hi, pretty lady. Where ya headed?"
"Home," she nastily intoned and then attempted to push past him.
He grabbed her arm and swung her around, a knife to her throat.
"I don't think so. The night isn't over yet, you're dressed to party and I'm not partied out, yet. What say we have us a little fun?"

She rolled her eyes and with one, swift move, had the knife out of his hand, his arm behind his back and her mouth at his ear.

"You stupid, **stupid** human! *Why* is it you always think, *especially you men,* that you can do whatever you want? *Why* do you think *all* women are helpless prey? Well, now you'll see what it's like to **really be prey**.

I did have enough to eat earlier, but...it's almost breakfast, and you've handily enough, dropped right in my lap, so...why not?"

Given the neighborhood, the man's screams as she tore into his neck didn't even ruffle a curtain in vague curiosity...